

THE
Night-walkers
DECLARATION,

Or, the Distressed

Whores Advice

To all their

S I S T E R S

IN

CITY and COUNTRY.

Set forth (by way of Confession)
out of a deep sense of the Tribulations
they have lately suffered.

With Allowance. *Roger L'Estrange.*

London, Printed for D. M. 1676.

Engl. Hist. Top. Vol. 2.

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DECLARATION

On the Disposition

Whores Advice

Total Heat

212



УЯТИУОЗ Блз УТИО

Set forth (by way of Conclusion)
out of a deep table of the Nations
they have lately suffered

With Allowance: Roger T. N. 1836.

I am, Sir, Yours truly,
J. D. M.



THE
Night-walkers Declaration.

LOfers have leave to *ſpeak* by vertue of the Proverb, and words are all the *arms* Nature affords our Sex, beſides *thoſe* deſign'd for *Embraces*. 'Tis cuſtomary for people under *Perſecution* publickly to *complain*, and we are not the firſt that have ventur'd to call Juſtice by that *name*. A little *Rhetorick* might ſerve to varniſh over an Apology in our behalf, and we could alleadge Preſidents of famous *ſtates*, the Cuſtomes of *Venice*, and Indulgences of *Rome*; together with the Doctrines of ancient *Philoſophers*, and private Practices of modern *Virtuoſo's*, which might be muſter'd up in our favour; but we ſhall ſpare our *Impudence* in thoſe particulars, having uſe enough for that Vertue on other occaſions, and chuſe rather to *confess* than juſtifie our Faults, as conceiving 'twill be far more acceptable to make an ingenuous *acknowledgment* of our Impudencies, and mark out the Rocks on which we have caſt

cast away our selves, that others, taking warning, may avoid the like dismal *shipwracks*.

First then, we do *declare* (and that you know has been of late a very *modish* and frequent word amongst us) That the original cause of our ruine, or motives which prompted us in general to these lewd Courses, were *Pride* and *Idleness*. Nature had been so kinde to most of us, to afford us good Faces; or where she had plaid the Niggard or the Bungler, we endeavour'd to supply her defects with Art, and the Auxiliary help of the Dressing-box. The wanton humour of the age soon expos'd us to flattering Temptations, and 'twas so taking a vanity to our Sex and years to be Brave and Gay, to appear in splendid Clothes and a fashionable Dress, that we were easily betray'd to part with the natural Jewels of Modesty and Vertue, for a slight Bracelet, a pretty Ring, or a tawdry Necklace, and sully our minds to finishe our bodies; as if we had no other use for our Souls, but to be Bawds to our Carcasses.

The fond Indulgence of our too late repenting Parents, contributed not a little to our destruction, bestowing upon us a Breeding and Maintainance far above our birth or their abilities. The time we should have spent in learning Good-houswifry, was trifled away at the Dancing school, in French, Musick, New wanton Songs, Plays, Balls, infecting Romances, &c. the sight either of a Prayer-book or a pair of Sizzars was enough to put us into a Sound; or if at best our hands, a little exercised in *Tramplawly*, *Net*, or *point-work*, could but furnish our Tails with an Inviting Garnish, we thought it both a sufficient Accomplishment and Employment. When

When we could get no further Supplies from home for these Extravagancies, the Gallant abroad was ready to furnish us; and who could resist at once a double Inclination within, and the passionate Importunities of a civil Gentleman without? Brisk and Airy (which our dull Grandmothers would have call'd Wanton and Impudent) is long since become the Character of a Well bred-woman; and to be a Miss, was both a pleasant and thriving Undertaking. But the unhappy By-blow, or the Great Dislike, the maintaining Friend disinherited, or undone, or weary of the same Face, or bewitch'd with Age, or reform'd by dear-bought Experience, leaves the helpless Gentlewoman to her shifts; and what then is to be done, but *Have at all*? Fine she must be, work she will not; Friends disown her, Reputation is gone, and the sinking Vessel has nothing left to buoy her up, but the extreamest Impudence.

Then to the Entertaining or *Procuring* Matrons, we repair, under whose protection, in a worse Servitude than the most wretched Gally-slaves, we lie at the common Receipt of Custome; which in these hard times (not for want of Inclination but Money) finding very dead, necessity prompts us to seek out; and taking the opportunity of the Night (the fittest season for Deeds of Darkness) abroad we walk a *Gully-catching*.

Fleetstreet, Holborn, and Cheapside it self, can witness with how many industrious and weary steps we have trac'd along even till Ten at night: How sometimes we *spread* all our Sails, and presently *lay by*; now stopp'd our Course, and then hearkened for every

very *inviting* them; jostled, or star'd each Passenger in the face, call'd to them by strange Names, and the friendly salutation *How d'ye Coxen*; and sometimes fell down flat before 'um to attract their Civility; practicing all the mysteries of Enticing, Deluding, Solliciting, Fascinating, and Intoxicating, with so much Dexterity, Address, and Diligence, as if the Devil, grown weary of Temptation, had made us his onely Deputies; and all this often without so much as meeting one single Prize.

True it is, if we chanc'd to happen sometimes on a young Fop, or an old Leacher, a wilde Gallant or a Grave one, we got perhaps a pretty Treat, and now and then a *George* or two; or if soundly drunkli'd, made bold to search their Fobs, and dive into their Pockets for an unnecessary *Watch*, or a few *straggling Gouties*: but alas, as great *Rents*, *Parish-Duties*, and *Family-Expences* are enough without quick Returns to undo the greatest Dealers; so the *Bands Snips*, the Surgeons *Salary*, the Apothecaries *Bill*, the *Tallymans* weekly Contribution, and constant bribes to *Friends* in office for Connivance, so deeply Excis'd our Gains, that (like *Virginia-Traders*) the Returns of the *Carga* would scarce pay *Freight* and *Customs*; besides, the hazards we underwent of being *disrob'd* by Prentices upon every Uproar in the streets, *pawn'd* at Taverns, *sconces* built at home by *Bullies* and *Hectors*, and that unconscionable Cheat of *brass Half-crowns* impos'd upon us by more serious *Cauler-clack Customers* after the most punctual bargain in the world; rendered our Occupation so inconsiderable, that one on's in forty was able to purchase

purchase *Paint and clean Linnen*. But above all, to take the Trade of *Trepanning* out of our hands and turn it upon our selves, to wheedle us gravely into a Tavern, and instead of the Reckoning produce the *short Staff*, and hurry us away to the *Hemp office*: Verily, and by our truly, Gentlemen, it was a most *unexpected* (not to say rigorous and unreasonable) usage. *Unfortunate Sex* of ours! whose Lot it is, if *young and handsome*, to be punished as *Whores*; if *old and ugly*, to be Carted for *Bawds*, or burn'd for *Witches*; if *honest*, to *starve*; if *free & complaisant*, to be rail'd on, *Pox'd, Trepan'd, and Bridewell'd*; and all this by an *ungrateful* Generation, whom we endeavour'd, through so many dangers, to *oblige*.

But Complaints are vain, and we intend not to dispute the Justice of these Proceedings; onely thought fit to warn ignorant *well-wishers* to our faculty, of the *Hazards* abroad; and advise them, if they must needs be *kinds*, to dispence their Favour in private, rather than make *Bawdy houses* of the *streets and Alleys*. The truth is, after this late Animadversion, we finde our selves somewhat inclinable to turn honest: *Cautiously* at least, if not *Chastly*, is a good Motto; for proffer'd Ware you know always goes to a bad Market, and Experience shews (let people talk what they will of *Marriage Bands* and Matrimonial *Shackles*) that our Sex enjoys *Pleasure* and *Liberty* seldom so much, never so securely, as when under *Covers-baron*.

At least (dear Sisters) let us advertise you to stand upon your Guard, traffique not with *Strangers* without good security: The *City* is a dangerous Port to

Lade

lade forbidden Wares in s rather ply on the Skirts
 of the Town, where 'tis more easie to *smuggle* a Cully;
 since an *Embargo* is laid on publick Trade, *embance*
 your favours to particular Gallants, to make good
 the Damage. Though *Night-walking* be forbid-
 den, the *day's* our own; but have a care of the
Painted Staff, and *Marshals men*. Leave off the
White Colours, 'tis too notorious and dangerous;
 rather put on *black Handkerchiefs* and *green Aprons*,
 and then you pass amongst Friends without suspi-
 tion. Expose not your selves to every *Sixpenny* Cu-
 stomer; tamper not with *Prentices*, unless they have
 the *cash* under their Tuition. Know the Preroga-
 tives of your Profession; and leave off that *scanda-
 lous* trick of begging Pots of Ale of *Potters* and
Foot-boys. In a word, render not your selves Cheap
 and Contemptible by an open Prostitution, but
 force the *Fops* to keep a Lent till *Christmas*, and 'tis
 an hundred to one, if you do not finde some of your
 Persecutors *soliciting* in secret your Favours.

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